

FESTIVAL
OF THE LILIES.



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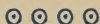
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"FESTIVAL OF THE LILIES"

BEING THE SIXTH EASTER MONDAY
CONCERT UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
THE METHODIST SOCIAL UNION . . .

MASSEY MUSIC HALL, APRIL 16TH, 1900.



SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN'S CHORUS

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

MR. A. T. CRINGAN.



MILITARY AND FANCY DRILLS

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

MRS. H. B. SOMERS.



Soloists :

MISS MAY MAWHINNEY, Soprano Soloist, Elm Street
Church.

MISS BERTHA ROGERS, Contralto.

MASTERS CLARENCE GLASS, GEORGE MIDFORD,
HOWARD CLARKE AND WELLINGTON WALLACE,
of Sherbourne Street Church.



Accompanists :

MRS. MABEL BASTEDO-MILLS.

MR. T. ARTHUR BLAKELEY.



BAND OF THE ROYAL GRENADIERS

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

MR. JOHN WALDRON.

METHODIST SOCIAL UNION.

ORGANIZED MARCH 25TH, 1892.

The Object of this Union is to promote fellowship, social intercourse, and the spirit of Christian enterprise, among the Members of the Methodist Churches and Congregations in Toronto and vicinity.

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Programme

PART I.



1. GOUNOD.—“Send out Thy Light.”

GRENADIERS' BAND.

2. (a) LYRA DAVIDICA.—“Christ the Lord is Risen To-day.”

- (b) DR. TUCKERMAN.—“The World itself keeps Easter Day.”

CHILDREN'S CHORUS.

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY.

Christ the Lord is risen to-day, Hallelujah !
Sons of men and angels say : Hallelujah !
Raise your joys and triumphs high ; Hallelujah !
Sing, ye heavens and earth, reply, Hallelujah !

Love's redeeming work is done, Hallelujah !
Fought the fight, the battle won : Hallelujah !
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er, Hallelujah !
Lo ! He sets in blood no more, Hallelujah !

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ; Hallelujah !
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ; Hallelujah !
Death in vain forbids His rise ; Hallelujah !
Christ hath opened Paradise, Hallelujah !

Hail ! the Lord of earth and heaven ! Hallelujah !
Praise to Thee by both be given ; Hallelujah !
Thee we greet triumphant now, Hallelujah !
Hail ! the Resurrection Thou ! Hallelujah !—AMEN.

THE WORLD ITSELF KEEPS EASTER DAY.

The world itself keeps Easter Day,
 And Easter larks are singing,
 And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
 And Easter buds are springing,
 The Lord of all things lives anew,
 And all His works are rising too.

CHORUS.

Allelujah ! Allelujah !
 Allelujah ! Praise the Lord.

There stood three Marys by the tomb,
 On Easter morning early,
 When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
 And dew was white and pearly,
 With loving, but with erring mind,
 They came the Prince of Life to find.

But earlier still the angel sped,
 His words of comfort giving ;
 " And why," he said, " among the dead,
 Thus seek ye for the living ?"
 The risen Jesus lives again,
 To save the souls of sinful men.

The world itself keeps Easter Day,
 And Easter larks are singing,
 And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
 And Easter buds are springing,
 The Lord is risen, as all things tell,
 Good Christians, see ye rise as well.



3. ST. QUENTIN.—“The Temple of Peace.”

MASTERS CLARENCE GLASS, GEORGE MIDFORD, HOWARD CLARKE
AND WELLINGTON WALLACE.

From Sherbourne St. Church Choir.

THE TEMPLE OF PEACE.

O, sweetest of all music
Is when little children sing,
And uplift their hearts' petitions
To the everlasting King.
In the abbey we may hear them,
In the hour which is their own,
As they raise their trusting voices,
That will reach His mighty throne :

Heavenly Father, high above,
Thou dost little children love,
Therefore, look on us, we pray,
Guard us safely night and day ;
Heavenly Father, King Divine,
All our little lives are Thine,
Grant that they may holy be,
Worthy to return to Thee.

Over those little children's faces,
While they breathe their fervent song,
Steals a sweet, devout expression,
That to angels might belong.
For the want of faith they know not,
But with souls undoubting cling
To the sureness of His mercy,
As they confidently sing :

Heavenly Father, high above,
Thou dost little children love,
Therefore, look on us, we pray,
Guard us safely night and day ;
Heavenly Father, King Divine,
All our little lives are Thine,
Grant that they may holy be,
Worthy to return to Thee.

4. *a)* DYKES.—“Hosanna we Sing.”

(b) SULLIVAN.—“Brightly Gleams our Banner.”

CHILDREN'S CHORUS.

HOSANNA WE SING.

Hosanna we sing, like the children dear,
In the olden days, when the Lord lived here ;
He bless'd little children and smiled on them,
While they chanted His praise in Jerusalem.
Allelujah we sing, like the children bright,
With their harps of gold and their raiment white,
As they follow their Shepherd with loving eyes
Thro' the beautiful valleys of Paradise.

Hosanna we sing, for He bends His ear,
And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear ;
We know that His heart will never wax cold
To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly fold.
Allelujah we sing, in the Church we love,
Allelujah, resounds in the Church above ;
To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace be given,
That we lose not our part in the song of heaven.

BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER.

Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high !
Marching thro' the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
Still with hearts united,
Singing on our way.

CHORUS.

Brightly gleams our banner, pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers to their home on high !

Jesus, Lord and Master,
 At Thy sacred feet,
 Here, with hearts rejoicing
 See Thy children meet.
 Often have we left Thee,
 Often gone astray,
 Keep us, mighty Saviour,
 In the narrow way.

Pattern of our childhood,
 Once Thyself a child,
 Make our childhood holy,
 Pure, and meek, and mild.
 In the hour of danger
 Whither can we flee,
 Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
 Only unto Thee ?

All our days direct us
 In the way we go ;
 Crown us still victorious
 Over ev'ry foe :
 Bid Thine angels shield us
 When the storm clouds low'r
 Pardon Thou and save us
 In the last dread hour.



5. MOSENTHAL.—“ Early on this Morning.”

(With appropriate gestures by pupils of Mrs. Somers.)

MISS BERTHA ROGERS.

EARLY ON THIS MORNING.

Early on this morning ages long gone by
 Went the holy Marys where their Lord did lie,
 Thinking they should find Him in the darkened gloom,
 Thinking He was lying in the sealed tomb ;
 Mournfully they wended loving steps, and said,
 “ Who will roll the great stone from the sacred dead ? ”

CHORUS.

Angels saw them weep and mourn,
 Angels went with them along,
 Softly singing sweetest song.

Cold and still a star shone on departing night,
 While the far horizon glowed with coming light;
 Onward went the Marys to the sepulchre,
 Bearing precious spices and embalming myrrh,
 When, as they drew nearer, what their dire dismay,
 To behold the great stone rolled quite away.

On the stone triumphant, dazzling in array,
 Sat an angel glorious who these words did say:
 "Why seek ye the living here among the dead?
 Christ the Lord is risen!" Thus it was He said—
 "Be ye not affrighted but haste ye on your way
 And tell to His disciples all the words I say."

On this Easter morning ages long gone by,
 Sped on earth the tidings far and nigh,
 While from age to ages still the tidings spread,
 Christ the Lord is risen, risen from the dead.
 Sing with voice exultant, sing the glad refrain:
 Go forth—bow down and worship at His feet.



6. (a) BEETHOVEN.—"Song of Peace."

(b) MOZART.—"Now when Glory Breaketh."

CHILDREN'S CHORUS.

SONG OF PEACE.

Awake, ye nations, hear the word,
 Which long ago ye should have heard,
 By sacred voices spoken,
 Give up your camp, lay down the sword;
 Let chains be broken,
 Behold the mighty token,
 Whereby the flags of war are lower'd.

CHORUS.

The white dove Duty,
 The Angel Peace,
 Reveals all her beauty,
 And strife must cease.

Ye hostile armies now disband !
 Too long with sword and gun in hand
 Ye've threaten'd one another !
 Let each go home and till the land,
 Nor hate the brother,
 Child of a common mother,
 Love now shall have her triumph grand.

Let armored squadrons rust away—
 Memorials of a vanished day,
 When hate the lands divided.
 No forts shall frown on stream or bay,
 To love confided,
 Disputes shall be decided,
 And Enmity no more hold sway.

NOW WHEN GLORY BREAKETH.

Now when morning glory breaketh,
 And from rest all nature waketh,
 Lord to Thee our songs we raise ;
 For Thy love and care unending,
 And Thy mercy still extending,
 Father, hear our grateful praise,
 Father, hear our grateful praise.

With our praise to Thee ascending,
 Pray'r is ever softly blending,
 For Thy blessing in our need ;
 In life's scenes of joys and gladness,
 And its dreary hours of sadness,
 Wilt Thou e'er, our Father, lead ?
 Wilt Thou e'er, our Father, lead ?

Guided by Thy love paternal,
 Lead us to Thy rest supernal,
 Where no sorrows ever come,
 There Thy children, safe, victorious,
 Praise Thy holy name all-glorious,
 In their happy heav'nly home,
 In their happy heav'nly home.

7. DENZA.—“A May Morning.”

MISS MAWHINNEY.

A MAY MORNING.

Come out, come out, my dearest dear,
 Come out and greet the sun,
 The birds awake on tree and brake,
 The merry May's begun.
 Come out and drink the diamond dew,
 Come out and tread the lea.
 The world is all awake, and you
 Are all the world to me.

Put on your gown of dainty white,
 Put on your bodice blue,
 For I've been waiting all the night
 To greet the May with you.
 And ev'ry tree is white with thorn,
 The village blithe and gay,
 Come out, come out, this happy morn,
 And be our queen of May.

The white-throat sings unto his mate,
 And I am singing too,
 For morning early, ev'ning late,
 My heart is all for you.
 My songs shall blossom at your feet,
 My heart your throne shall be,
 For you are queen of May, my sweet,
 And all the world to me.



8. MENDELSSOHN.—“O Rest in the Lord.”

CHILDREN'S CHORUS.

O REST IN THE LORD.

O rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him,
 And He shall give thee thy heart's desires ;
 Commit thy way unto Him, and trust in Him,
 And fret not thyself because of evil doers,
 O rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him,
 And He shall give thee thy heart's desires.

9. ARMSTRONG.—“The Choir Boy.”

MASTER CLARENCE GLASS.

THE CHOIR BOY.

In the choir loft 'midst the surplic'd throng,
 In the old cathedral grand,
 Stood a slender youth who bore on high
 A gold cross in his hand ;
 On his face there shone an angel smile,
 In his eyes beam'd a holy light,
 And thro' the lofty windows stream'd
 A flood of sunshine bright ;
 It seem'd like a light from heaven,
 In a benediction there,
 As it softly fell upon him,
 And shone on his face so fair.
 He sang with a voice so heav'nly
 That the angels must pause to hear,
 And as he sang that old, sweet song,
 We could feel their presence near :
 “Angels ever bright and fair,
 Take, oh ! take me to your care.”

In the holy light of Easter morn
 The choir had gathered there,
 And from the dimly-lighted vestry mov'd
 'Mid banks of lilies fair ;
 But one is missing from their ranks,
 'Tis the boy with the angel face,
 With aching hearts and tearful eyes
 They gaze on the vacant place ;
 A hush of a holy silence
 Fell upon all gather'd there,
 When the hands of those who lov'd him
 Laid a wreath on his vacant chair.
 Tho' we see not that face so heav'nly,
 With its soft halo light of gold,
 Yet we listen for that angel voice,
 And the song he sang of old :
 “Angels ever bright and fair,
 Take, oh ! take me to your care.”

10. (a) STORACE.—“Peaceful Slumb’ring on the Ocean.”
 (b) WEBER.—“The Grove.”

CHILDREN’S CHORUS.

PEACEFUL SLUMB’RING ON THE OCEAN.

Peaceful slumb’ring on the ocean,
 Seamen fear no danger nigh ;
 The winds and waves in gentle motion,
 Soothe them with their lullaby.

CHORUS.

Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
 Soothe them with their lullaby.

Is the wind tempestuous blowing,
 Still no dangers they descry ;
 The guileless heart its boon bestowing,
 Soothes them with its lullaby.

THE GROVE.

The grove, the grove,
 The fresh and lovely grove,
 Where echoes sound,
 We hark to the note of the morning horn,
 Where flowers and roses the grove adorn,
 The grove, the grove,
 Where echoes sound.

The world, the world,
 The great and spacious world,
 Is our abode,
 We wander away thro’ the fields so fair.
 Our chorus is merrily sounding there;
 The world, the world,
 Is our abode.

11. (a) ANON.—“I Love a Good Laugh.”
 (b) SCOTTISH.—“Cockey-Ridey-Roosey.”
 (c) GODFREY.—“When Johnny Canuck Comes Home.”

CHILDREN'S CHORUS.

I LOVE A GOOD LAUGH.

O, I love, O, I love a good laugh, ha ha,
 Ha ha ha ha ha ha,
 For a wonderful thing is a laugh, ha ha,
 Ha ha ha ha ha ha.
 It's better by far than all the tears
 That sorrowful mortals might shed in years.
 There's nothing so good by half, ha ha,
 Ha ha ha ha ha ha.

It's a charm for the darkest ills, ha ha,
 Ha ha ha ha ha ha,
 And it lightens the doctor's bills, ha ha,
 Ha ha ha ha ha ha.
 It's food and it's sun, and air, ha ha,
 It drives to the wind every care, ha ha,
 There's nothing so good by half, ha ha,
 Ha ha ha ha ha ha.

Don't be moody and grow so thin, ha ha,
 Ha ha ha ha ha ha,
 If you've ne'er tried a laugh begin, ha ha,
 Ha ha ha ha ha ha.
 Just laugh and you'll soon confess, ha ha,
 Your shadow will not grow less, ha ha,
 There's nothing so good by half, ha ha,
 Ha ha ha ha ha ha,

So I love, O, I love a good laugh, ha ha,
 Ha ha ha ha ha ha,
 For a wonderful cure is a laugh, ha ha,
 Ha ha ha ha ha ha.
 There's laughter and mirth in ev'rything,
 In rivers and flowers and birds that sing.
 There's nothing so good by half, ha ha,
 Ha ha ha ha ha ha.

COCKEY-RIDEY-ROOSEY.

Back an' forrit shoogy shoo—
 Cockey-ridey-roosey !
 Mammy's bonnie cushy doo—
 Cockey-ridey-roosey !
 Trot him up an' trot him doun,
 Like a pownie thro' the toun.
 Dancie, prancie, roun' and roun' —
 Cockey-ridey-roosey.

Oh, my bonnie butter ba' !
 Cockey-ridey-roosey !
 Grip me fast an' dinna fa' —
 Cockey-ridey-roosey !
 Bless yer bonnie lauchin e'e,
 Sparklin' like a star on me ;
 Fu' o' lichtsome, sunny glee —
 Cockey-ridey-roosey.

Roun' about an' roun' again —
 Cockey-ridey-roosey !
 Craw awa', my bonnie wean !
 Cockey-ridey-roosey !
 Oh, the dreary, weary wow !
 Settin' a' my heart alow !
 Blessings on his bonnie pow—
 Cockey-ridey-roosey.

Rosy cheekies fair to see—
 Cockey-ridey-roosey !
 Coral lippies sweet to pree—
 Cockey-ridey-roosey !
 Oh, my sugar-ploom sae fine !
 Bonnie siller trootie mine !
 Bless that wee bit heart o' thine—
 Cockey-ridey-roosey !

WHEN JOHNNY CANUCK COMES HOME.

Across the foam our gallant sons have fought for Britain's glory ;
 Their deeds shall live for many a day in picture and in story—
 How at the call from Motherland they shouldered arms and rushed,
 And swore to ne'er turn back again till Britain's foes were crushed.

CHORUS.

Singing Heigh ! singing Ho !
 Singing up with the Union Jack
 So to Johnny Canuck, here's health and luck,
 And when he comes marching home,
 All pride and pluck, our Johnny Canuck
 Comes gaily marching home.
 He'll be the nation's white-haired boy,
 We'll welcome him with shouts of joy ;
 When Johnny Canuck comes marching home,
 When Johnny Canuck comes home.

'Neath Afric's burning sun they fought, like vet'rans did their
 duty.
 Full many a blow for Empire struck, nor thought of home and
 beauty—
 But foot by foot and stroke by stroke they pushed the foeman
 back
 Till proudly in that alien land they raised the Union Jack.
 We mourn the boys who'll ne'er come back, in distant graves
 they slumber.
 The trump of fame shall loud proclaim their glory and their
 number—
 But here's to those who safe return to tread their native land,
 With heart and voice we'll welcome home our brave Canadian
 band.



12. " MARCH OF THE LILIES " (New).

PUPILS OF MRS. SOMERS.



PART II.

(PATRIOTIC.)

Libretto by Mr. S. John Duncan-Clark.

CHARACTERS :

BRITANNIA	-	-	-	-	MISS MADGE MCKENDRY.
PEACE	-	-	-	-	MISS FLOSSIE WILSON.
WAR	-	-	-	-	MISS JESSIE DUNLOP.
CANADA	-	-	-	-	MISS ANNIE MELVILLE.
TROOPER OF STRATHCONA HORSE	-				MASTER DICK LEWIS.

BRITANNIA.

I have heard my children's protest
From the land of the distant trek,
That a stubborn folk have forged a yoke
For a freeborn Briton's neck.
I have sent my word fair spoken,
By the gentle lips of Peace,
To the tyrant few, that the wrong they do
My loyal sons must cease ;
And I pray God speed her mission,
God make her wise to plead,
That the stubborn Boer, unforced by war,
May yield our rightful meed.

Ah, here is Peace returning ;
 What tidings hast thou brought ?
 Thy head bends low, thy steps are slow,
 Is evil with them fraught ?

PEACE.

Mother of nations, 'tis alas too true,
 My news is evil ; I did intercede
 But vainly, for the sullen, stubborn few
 Refused thy claims of justice to concede.
 Much did I urge that they should yield the right,
 Grant liberty and brotherhood for all,
 But greed of gain and pride of fancied might
 Received my prayer like adamantine wall.
 So I departed, for Peace finds no place
 Where Equity and Freedom are disowned ;
 With much reluctance I must yield the case
 To War, that she may see me yet enthroned.

BRITANNIA.

These are indeed sad tidings, fair-browed Peace,
 But thou hast done thy best ; some sterner course
 Must gain our purpose,—for the wrong shall cease
 Though it demand the exercise of force.

Come hither War, thou Goddess of the frown,
 Strange in caprice, and wilful in thy ways,
 With unsheathed sword, relentless, striking down
 Whatever obstacle thy progress stays ;
 Now for the right uplift thy glittering blade,
 Against oppression thrust with swerveless aim,
 It is for Justice I invoke thine aid,
 Let tyranny and wrong be put to shame.
 And yet be merciful, let not thy wrath
 Against the women and the weaklings burn ;
 But through the ranks of wrong hew out a path
 By which unhindered Peace may soon return.

PEACE.

Yes, War, be merciful, let not the lust
 Of strength and blood drive pity from thine eyes ;
 Thou needest not be cruel to be just,
 Nor heedless of the helpless and their cries.

WAR.

I go to do thy bidding,
 Mistress of seas and men,
 My sword shall bear thy message
 Back to the Boers again.
 In blood it shall be written
 Across the sun-browned veldt :
 "To them that love oppression
 Shall thus and thus be dealt."

But,

The blood that writes the verdict
 Shall not be their's alone ;
 Thy sons' red blood must mingle
 Ere Peace regain her throne ;
 For oft when wrongs are righted
 The highest price is paid
 By those who, seeking Justice,
 Invoke from War their aid.

BRITANNIA.

Go then, I may not falter
 Whate'er the price to pay ;
 My sons on freedom's altar
 Their lives shall gladly lay.
 Forth o'er the mighty waters
 The winds shall bear my call,
 And lo, my sons and daughters
 Are with me one and all.

CANADA.

Hail, Mother of mine, here's greeting from us of the northern dome,
 Who seek not strife
 Nor the risk of life,
 But the weal of our fair free home.

But thou didst purchase our homestead with crimson coin of blood,
 And for the love you bore
 In the years of yore
 We would go through flame and flood.

Where thy flag shall lead we follow, through snows or burning sun,
 And Canadian breath
 Will go out in death
 So the cause of the flag be won.

And hearts at home must suffer for those abroad who die,
 But the grit and pluck
 Of Jack Canuck
 Will keep our heads held high.

First to thy side I summon the heroes of Batoche,
 "Ready, aye ready" always, brave Grenadiers approach.

SONG.—"The British Grenadiers."

CHILDREN'S CHORUS.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
 Of Conon and Lysander, and Miltiades;
 But of all the world's brave heroes, there's none that can compare
 With a tow, row, row, row, row, row,
 To the British Grenadiers.

None of those ancient heroes e'er saw a cannon ball,
 Or know the force of powder to slay their foes withal;
 But our brave boys do know it and banish all their fears,
 With a tow, row, row, row, row, row,
 To the British Grenadiers.

CANADA.

Now with the sound of piping, sons of heroic sires,
 Proudly my stalwart kilties march to the sound that fires.

PIPER.

Mr. S. Leask, 48th Highlanders.

CANADA.

Then from the western prairies, sons of the wind-swept plain,
Dashing Strathcona's horsemen, hear not my call in vain.

SONG.—“Strathcona Horse” - - - - - { *Adapted from poem*
by Dr. Drummond.

MASTER DICK LEWIS.

STRATHCONA'S HORSE.

Oh, I was thine and thou wert mine, and ours the boundless plain,
Where the winds of the North, my gallant steed, ruffled thy tawny
mane ;

But the summons has come with the roll of drums and the bugle
ringing shrill,

Startling the prairie antelope and the grizzly of the hills.

'Tis the voice of the Empire calling, and the children gather fast
From every land where the cross-bar floats out from the quivering
mast,

So into the saddle I leap, my own, with bridle swinging free,
And thy hoof-beats shall answer the trumpets blowing across the
sea ;

Then proudly toss thy head aloft, think not of the foe to-morrow,
For he who dares to stay our course drinks deep of the cup of
sorrow.

Thy form hath pressed the meadow's breast where the sullen grey
wolf hides,

The great Red River of the North hath cooled thy burning sides.
Together we've slept while the tempest swept the Rockies' glit-
tering chain,

And many a day the red Centaur hath galloped behind in vain,
But the sweet wild grass in the mountain pass, and the shimmer-
ing summer streams,

Must vanish forever, perchance, into the land of dreams ;
For the strong, young North hath sent us forth to battlefields far
away,

And the trail that ends where the ocean trends, is the trail we
ride to-day.

Then proudly toss thy head aloft, think not of the foe to-morrow,
For he who bars Strathcona's Horse, drinks deep of the cup of
sorrow.

SONG.—“Men of the North.” - - - - *H. H. Godfrey.*

CHILDREN'S CHORUS.

MEN OF THE NORTH.

Come if you dare to the Northman's lair,
 The tramp of your armies shall not shake us ;
 Shout if ye will, we are free men still ;
 Words cannot break us ;
 For we have the brain and the brawn and the blood
 Of the Saxon and the Celt and the Gaul,
 And we fear not any man,
 But we'll do the best we can,
 When we march at our country's call.

CHORUS.

Canada, dear Canada,
 Men of the North are we ;
 For thee we live and for thee we'll die,
 But aye thou shalt be free.
 Canada, dear Canada,
 Men of the North are we ;
 For thee we live and for thee we'll die,
 But evermore thou shalt be free.

We are the men of the fair far North,
 The land of the maple spreads around us :
 Here shall we live, not an inch we give ;
 None shall confound us ;
 For we have the land and the grain and the gold,
 And should foes for these e'er wish to try a fall,
 Why, they'll find that we can fight
 When we know we're in the right,
 And we march at our country's call.

CANADA.

Last, but not least, my daughters—ministering angels all—
They of the Red Cross emblem answer the Empire's call.

SONG.—“We'll Fight for the Grand Old Flag.” - *Major Dixon.*

MASTER GEORGE MIDFORD.**WE'LL FIGHT FOR THE GRAND OLD FLAG.**

It may be but an old bit of bunting,
It may be but a tattered rag,
But we'll fight to the death as our fathers fought
For the Grand Old British Flag.
Who dares to lay a hand on it,
Who dares to touch a fold,
Shall learn that Britain's sons to-day
Can fight as they fought of old.

CHORUS.

And we'll fight for the Grand Old Flag, my boys,
The dear old British Flag;
Though we dwell apart we are one in heart,
And we'll fight for the Grand Old Flag.

SONG.—“Soldiers of the Queen.” - - - *Leslie Stuart.*

CHILDREN'S CHORUS.**SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN.**

Britons once did loyally declaim
About the way we ruled the waves;
Every Briton's song was just the same,
When singing of our soldier braves.
All the world had heard it, wondered why we sang,
And some have learned the reason why,
But we're forgetting it, and we're letting it
Fade away and gradually die.

REFRAIN.

So when we say that England's master,
 Remember who has made her so.
 It's the soldiers of the Queen, my lads,
 Who've been, my lads, who've seen, my lads,
 In the fight for England's glory, lads,
 When we have to show them what we mean.
 And when we say we've always won,
 And when they ask us how it's done,
 We'll proudly point to every one of England's
 soldiers of the Queen.

War clouds gather over every land,
 Our flag is threatened East and West;
 Nations that we've shaken by the hand
 Our bold resources try to test.
 They thought they found us sleeping, thought us unprepared,
 Because we have no party wars;
 But Englishmen unite, when they're called to fight
 The battle for Old England's common cause.

Now we're aroused, we've buckled on our swords,
 We've done with diplomatic lingo;
 We'll do deeds to follow on our words,
 We'll show we've something more than "jingo."
 And though Old England's laws do not her sons compel
 To military duties do,
 We'll play them at their game, and show them all the same,
 An Englishman can be a soldier too.

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 can be obtained.]

BRITANNIA.

Fair Canada, truest of daughters,
 Loyal in hand and heart,
 Noble has been thy conduct,
 Generous has been thy part.
 Worthy the strife and sorrow,
 Worthy the storm and stress,
 To feel the thrill of our kinship
 As my children around me press.

The whole wide world in wonder
 Has gazed on the glorious scenes,
 And witnessed the Empire's union,
 And learned what our oneness means ;
 They have learned that the flag we honor,
 True freedom for all decrees,
 And stints not the cost of life-blood
 In the righteous cause of peace.

SONGS.—(a) "The Maple Leaf." - - - - *Alex. Muir.*

(b) "Rule Britannia."

CHILDREN'S CHORUS.

THE MAPLE LEAF.

In days of yore the hero Wolfe
 Britain's glory did maintain,
 And planted firm Britannia's flag
 On Canada's fair domain ;
 Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
 And joined in love together,
 With Lily, Thistle, Shamrock, Rose,
 The Maple Leaf forever.

CHORUS.

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
 The Maple Leaf forever,
 God save our Queen and heaven bless
 The Maple Leaf forever.

On many hard-fought battle fields
 Our brave fathers, side by side,
 For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear,
 Firmly stood, and nobly died ;
 And those dear rights which they maintained,
 We swear to yield them never !
 We'll rally round the Union Jack,
 The Maple Leaf forever.

RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first at heav'n's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sang this strain :

CHORUS.

“ Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
 Britons never shall be slaves.”

The nations not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
 While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.

The muses still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,
 Blest Isle with beauty, with matchless beauty crowned,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save our gracious Queen,
 Long live our noble Queen,
 God save our Queen.
 Send her victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store
 On her be pleased to pour.
 Long may she reign.
 May she defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice
 God save the Queen.



